

them. If a dozen people were shown leaves of several common trees, how many, do you think, could tell from what kind of tree each leaf came? Could you?

Gather leaves of different kinds and see if your schoolmates can tell their names. Take the star-shaped leaf of the plane-tree, the birch leaf with its trimly notched edges, the bright, firm leaf of the oak, and the wrinkled leaf of the elm. Put a willow leaf beside a peach leaf and see how many of your friends can tell one from the other.

Leaves come from buds, just as flowers do. If you gather some leaf-buds in the early spring, and cut them across with a sharp knife, you will see how the leaves are folded inside. Some are doubled together like a folded sheet of paper; some are rolled round and round; others are folded in the same way as a fan.

In the warm spring days the buds grow larger and larger. After a while they unfold, and the green leaves are spread out.

As you look at a leaf, you see that it is made up of two parts, the stalk, and a broader part which is thin and flat. The broad part is called the blade. As you see, the stalk runs through the middle of the leaf to the tip. It forms what is called the midrib.

A number of branches, called veins, run off from the midrib. These are like the ribs of an umbrella. Without them the leaf could not stand straight and firm. The wind would blow it about like a rag tied to a stick.

You will find some leaves made up of a number of small ones all fixed on one stalk. These are called compound leaves. Simple leaves have only one leaf on each leaf-stalk.

There are great differences in the shapes of leaves. Some are long and narrow, like blades of grass; some are round; some are egg-shaped, and some heart-shaped. Some have plain, and some have wavy edges, while others have edges like the teeth of a saw.

Keep your eyes open as you walk in the fields and woods, and you will see there is no end to the kinds of leaves. And among them all when you look closely you cannot find one that is not beautiful.

Leaves are not only beautiful and interesting, but they are useful, too. Their chief use is to keep trees and plants alive and to make them grow. To do this the leaves have to work hard. The air taken in by them, and the water and other foods sucked up by the roots, all meet in the leaves, where they are sifted, and sorted, and changed. What is needed to keep the plant

alive and make it grow is kept; what is not needed is given out into the air. Without its leaves, a plant could not live.

Author not known

Someone may think that this is nature study, and that it has nothing to do with Oral English. On the contrary we cannot talk or read or write without clear ideas. We cannot have clear ideas without careful observation. The mind must be able to form clear and definite images. We can do this only when we have given careful attention.

We must read the book of nature before we can read a book of words, or even use words properly in talking. True work for expression must begin with impression. The impression precedes and determines the character of the expression. The impression must be held while it expresses itself.

We must not only see pictures in our minds or hear sounds; we must see and hear only one thing at a time, and we must also give attention to what we see. We must enjoy everything.

Many people are strangers in a strange place, though they are not aware of it. They do not know the beautiful things that live and move around them. The study of leaves, trees, flowers, birds and insects is as necessary as arithmetic; you must become acquainted with all living things. Go whenever you can to the woods and fields; observe closely leaves and flowers. Whenever you read about anything that you have not seen or do not know, look it up, not merely in books, but where it lives. You will always discover something that cannot be put into books. Your heart will grow warmer, and you will be able to enjoy every beautiful thing, not only in the world around you but also in the world of books as well, for stories and books are only records of what people have seen and felt. These people have told of the things which they themselves have discovered; you must thus discover before you can understand their writings.

One of the commonest of birds, one that sings earliest in the spring, is the song sparrow. Try to find one, or its nest, and then you will appreciate this little poem.

SONG SPARROW

"The bobolink builds in the grass,
The robin in the tree;
But no retreat is half so sweet
As a hawthorn bush to me.
Cree-cree-carolee-cree,
As a hawthorn bush with thee.

"We love the sunshine and the rain
That comes in April weather.
We sing our song, nothing goes wrong
When we are here together.
Cree-cree-carolee-cree,
When we are here together."

Author not known

To read well we must not only think, but think definitely. Attention must be given to one thing at a time and so held, until a spontaneous picture rises in the mind, and manifests itself.

III. OBSERVATION AND IDEAS

A CHILD'S BOOK

There are many good books, my child,
But the best of them all for you
Is the book that is hid in the greenwood wild,
All bound in a cover of blue.

'Tis the book of the birds and the bees,
Of the flowers and the fish in the brook;
You may learn how to read if you go to the trees
And open your eyes and look.

"Elfin Songs of Sunland."
By permission.

Charles Augustus Keeler

In all our studies we must first observe. Then we must learn to use names or words for what we have seen in talking. We must also be able to use adequate words in writing about what we have seen, and we must use such ideas and words in reading.

These four steps are all important in their place and in this order. One of them is no more important than another, and they cannot be separated.

THISTLE DOWN

Never a beak has my white bird,
Nor throat for song,
But wings of silk by soft winds stirred
Bear it along.

With wings of silk and a heart of seed,
O'er field and town,
It sails, it flies — some spot has need
Of a thistle down.

Clara Doty Bates

Now realize that you see things clearly in your mind in proportion to the attention you gave when you first observed them.

When we read or talk with people we often have only vague ideas of many things to which they refer. They are of things which we have not carefully observed. Sometimes a word will awaken no picture in the mind. Why? Either because we never saw or carefully observed the thing, or because the name given to it is not familiar.

Nature alway is in tune;
Nature alway hath a rune.
Let it be an autumn day;
Let it be a day in May;
Nature alway hath a rune;
Nature alway is in tune.
Let it be in autumn late:
There is music when we wait.
Once I waited very long;
But my life became a song.

"Wait."

Timothy Otis Paine

In the preceding poem, for example, you may think at first that the word "rune" is used here merely to rhyme with "tune" and that it may mean song. If you look it up in the dictionary you will find that "rune" means something mysterious or a poem or song about something obscure or mystically expressed. Thus, you find that it is really a better word than "song." In fact, it is the best possible word because a "tune" of the trees and breeze is not so definite as human song or as words.

Still, after you have looked it up in the dictionary and found out all this you will have a vague idea not only of

this word, but of the whole poem if you have not listened to the soft murmur of the breeze among the oaks or pines. Definite, adequate ideas can be secured only by adequate attention. This attention to things must be followed by attention to the meaning of words. We must not only have the object in mind; we must understand the right word for it; but no attention to words can compensate for the lack of careful, direct observation of things.

BILLY AND ME

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird flies the fleetest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the bluebirds chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me. . . .

James Hogg

If you speak to someone about some walk or about some beautiful things that you have seen, or tell a story, you will find your voice skipping about in response to your thinking, simply because you think and enjoy your ideas. But if you count aloud the number of pupils or the number of seats in your room, how does your voice sound? Word follows word on the same pitch. One thing is just like another. You expect and think each time, not something new, but an exact repetition.

Your voice will go on one pitch in the same way if you count the number of words in the first two or three lines of this poem, "Billy and Me," or if you pronounce word after word as if you wished someone to spell them.

If you give words in this way, or if you give words without seeing the pictures they represent, — just pronouncing them so that people will get the words, — who can tell what you are reading about?

On the contrary, suppose you are the boy that went with Billy and saw it all. Feel the fun as he did, and tell your fellow-students. How does your voice sound this time?

What did you have to do in order to make us understand and enjoy what you were reading? You had to realize the scene yourself. You had to see everything happen in your mind. If you use words without seeing and enjoying the things which the words describe, can you make anybody else enjoy them? Can you make one see the river, the meadow and the hay?

Another proof that to read well you must really think is the fact that, if you come to a word you do not at once understand, such as "lea," for example, your speaking of it will convey no idea. If you understand that it is the same as meadow, or open field, or pasture where boys can run and play, then you will read it easily and simply, and give one who hears you the picture.

You must know the words and the scenes before your mind will be free to see the mowers and the hay or hear the scythes. Everything must live. You may even smell the hay and imagine yourself jumping upon it. You must let your mind see, hear, feel, touch, smell and do anything which you would do in life.

One picture must fill your mind until you have spoken the words belonging to it; then another picture will come and this must be told in the same way.

As each picture appears, let it make you enjoy it, love it; if you do, the person who listens will see it and enjoy it with you.

When you are out in the woods or wandering through the fields, or by the brooks, if you observe carefully and enjoy everything, you will be storing materials in your mind so that in reading about trees, brooks, flowers, grasses and birds, they will come in to your memory or enable you to create objects or scenes still more beautiful.

9.12

The truth is that your study of what you see gives you the power to see the things about which you read or hear.

Thus, when you read history, if you really enjoy it, you allow yourself to picture other countries, cities and islands. You can sail on the ships, travel on camels, enjoy everything as if you were there.

TRAVEL

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts;
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.

There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Read this poem by Robert Louis Stevenson on "Travel," and let yourself wander about the world. Allow pictures to come into your mind and enjoy and show one at a time. Then you will awaken others to think and see.

To read or to talk well or to understand other people when they are speaking, one must have ideas springing up spontaneously with words. This requires you to know the objects around you, and to know the words that stand for them. To use words correctly you must understand what the words are meant to represent.

If no picture arises in the mind we do not know either the objects or the words that stand for them. We must know both. We must have true impressions before we can have adequate expression of any kind. Though we may not see a great many things, yet if we observe carefully the few objects that we do meet, materials will be stored up in our minds so that we can appreciate what we have seen. Not the number of things we see, but the careful attention we offer them gives our minds the power to realize ideas.

IV. OBSERVATION AND FEELING

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

"Song of Hiawatha."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

There is another important reason for careful observation of nature. Not only does our study of trees and birds, colors and sounds, brooks and lakes, insects and animals,

give us correct ideas; it also develops our power to feel. Unless we have come into close touch with the world about us our emotions will be vague and indefinite, if not lacking altogether. We shall fear nature. We shall be afraid of night under the beautiful stars. We shall have little genuine admiration for nature and take little part in the life of things. Right nature study gives us a great number of feelings and makes these feelings deep and permanent.

Whatever we think we should also feel. Feeling without thinking is weak, and thinking without feeling is cold and hard. Thinking and feeling naturally go together.

There is something in the air
That is new and sweet and rare, —
Song of birds from bush and tree,
Blackbird's trill and bluebird's song,
Robins calling all day long.
And some gentler, tinier things,
Odors and the whirl of wings.

Author not known

One of the very first emotions that should be awakened in us and practiced for the development of our voices and powers of expression is this "admiration of nature."

In the fields we should not only see different pictures, but we should feel them. We should enjoy the blackbird's trill and the bluebird's song. The blackbird awakens more gladness, the bluebird more tenderness and the robin more exhilaration and joy.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world,
For the banner of blue that's above it unfurled,
For the streams that sparkle and sing to the sea,
For the bloom in the glade and the leaf on the tree;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the mountain peak,
Where the wind and the lightning meet and speak,
For the golden star on the soft night's breast,
And the silvery moonlight's path to rest;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the rippling notes
That come from a thousand sweet bird throats,

For the ocean wave and the sunset glow,
And the waving fields where the reapers go;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the ones so true,
And the kindly deeds they have done for you;
For the great earth's heart, when it's understood,
Is struggling still toward the pure and good;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

Here's a song of praise for the One who guides,
For He holds the ships and He holds the tides,
And underneath and around and above,
The world is lapped in the light of His love;
Here's a song of praise for a beautiful world.

W. L. Childress

In reading such a poem as "Beautiful World," our whole nature should awake and as a result we should be moved to express what we really feel.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God. . . .

Reginald Heber

Observe what lessons nature teaches. We find fables everywhere. The most lovely flowers come out of a little mud in the dark earth. Thus the lily climbs in a dark pool and floats and blooms on the surface of the water. This should teach us to be patient, to look up, and to feel that the worst conditions can be transformed into joy and love and happiness.

THE VESPER SPARROW

It comes from childhood land,
Where summer days are long
And summer eves are bland, —
A lulling good-night song.

Upon a pasture stone,
Against the fading west,
A small bird sings alone,
Then dives and finds its nest.

9.14

The evening star has heard,
And flutters into sight,
O childhood's vesper-bird,
My heart calls back, Good-Night.

Edith M. Thomas

Careful observation of nature will not only awaken a present feeling, but will fill the memory with beautiful scenes, songs and stories. What sweet memories of childhood have been treasured by listening to the songs of the vesper sparrow, and what tender feelings are expressed in these lines.

THE SONG THE ORIOLE SINGS

There is a bird that comes and sings,
In a professor's garden-trees;
Upon the English oak he swings,
And tilts and tosses in the breeze.
I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cope is black as coal.
O oriole, it is the song
You sang me from the cottonwood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
Too glad to guess if life were good.
And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord Road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cottonwood it flowed.
And on the bank that rises steep,
And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From death and absence laugh and leap
My school-mates to the flutter-mills.
The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous killdeer starts and stops
Among the drift-wood on the shores.
Below, the bridge — a noonday fear
Of dust and shadow shot with sun —
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
Far unto alien coasts unknown.
And on these alien coasts, above,
Where silver ripples break the stream's
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
A hidden parrot scolds and screams.

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath —
It is a song the oriole sings —
And all the rest belongs to death.

But oriole, my oriole,
Were some bright seraph sent from bliss
With songs of heaven to win my soul
From simple memories such as this,

What could he tell to tempt my ear
From you? What high thing could there be,
So tenderly and sweetly dear
As my lost boyhood is to me?

William Dean Howells

When we enjoy what we observe, we are much more likely to remember it. It becomes a part of us. "The Song the Oriole Sings," was written by Mr. William Dean Howells many years after he had observed and studied the bird by the Miami river in Ohio where he was a boy. Now he hears it by the "dusty Concord road," and it reminds him of his childhood. As he says, "I know his name." He had observed the oriole when he was a boy, and the rapture that came to him then now comes again. The observations of his early boyhood have inspired his after-life. Let us read the poem, enjoying all the pictures that he gives us, and letting them remind us of our own woodlands and the orioles' songs we ourselves have heard.

In reading such a poem, the pictures that come into our minds and the feelings that awaken in our hearts and that we try to express by our voices, deepen and become more a part of us. We share in Mr. Howell's delightful experiences, and we ourselves are led to observe more carefully, and to feel more deeply. By these deepened feelings we are enabled to share in the thoughts and lives of other men.

If you have known the bluebird very well the word awakens all your memories, so that you see and hear the bird as if it were before you. You can hear, at the word "brook," the gentle ripple, see the water running between its banks, or espy some quiet pool reflecting the trees and bushes. You must allow your feeling to enjoy it, and remember that expression is simply a sharing of your enjoyment with others.

9.15

WHO TOLD THE NEWS?

Oh, the sunshine told the bluebird,
 And the bluebird told the brook,
 That the dandelions were peeping
 From the woodland's sheltered nook;
 So the brook was blithe and happy,
 And it babbled all the way,
 As it ran to tell the river
 Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow,
 And the meadow told the bee,
 That the tender buds were swelling
 On the old horse-chestnut tree;
 And the bee shook off its torpor,
 And it spread each gauzy wing,
 As it flew to tell the flowers
 Of the coming of the spring.

Author not known

Try, therefore, to make someone else enjoy the idea with you. Do not hurry or doubt your own feelings or instincts. You will quickly see interest awakened among those who listen. You have set them to thinking with you. Though each one thinks his own ideas in his own way, yet your expression awakens the thought.

The development of feeling is very important. We should be able not only to define objects but to enjoy them. True observation of nature really brings thinking and feeling together.

There are, of course, some kinds of nature study that will not develop feeling. Any study may be perfunctory or intellectual, abstract and analytic. Such study, no matter what the subject, even literature and poetry or beautiful things in nature, will tend to repress feeling.

There are many different ways of studying nature. Some study it in a purely scientific spirit, seeking only for facts. Others emphasize the general spirit or feeling for nature.

Both of these are necessary. The first has received the greater emphasis in our time. Not only must we study nature, to learn facts; we must also appreciate with our

imagination and feeling the beauty and life of nature. We need an imaginative sense of the atmosphere of the woods and a sympathy with birds and animals.

There are other ways of observing nature than those here advocated. Some persons go to the woods simply to find something to write about. They portray animals for a mere literary purpose. Or, they use rabbits and bears and birds as if they were human characters and as a means of portraying human experiences — often without the spirit of the ancient fable! Still others may be regarded as in a class by themselves, — those who have only a hunter's attitude towards nature. They like the wild forest life. They have a strong, crude, savage instinct to kill. Their love of the woods is neither scientific nor poetic; they revel in its wildness and the opportunity which it offers for action and for the exercise of the savage instinct for butchery.

The existence of these four classes of nature lovers and the antagonism of some of them to the others are due to the shortcomings of human nature; to the lack of imagination and feeling in some, and the development of the higher, more modern and truer poetic attitude toward nature in others.

Mr. William Long has a beautiful passage, entitled "Himself" which is here given, and which will be very helpful in awakening an imaginative sense of a certain phase of nature life.

In this sketch Mr. Long gives a rare hint of the deep feeling of the woods in the night and storm. The truth of the description is palpable to those who have gone into the woods "without a gun" and used their scientific observation and their imagination and feeling so as to appreciate.

HIMSELF

Killooleet, the white-throated sparrow, Little Sweet Voice, as my Indians call him, sums up for me the peace and gladness of the big wilderness. The most interesting thing about him, during the spring and early summer when I meet him on the northern trout-streams and the salmon-rivers, is that he is

9.16

always singing. Not only by day when all the woods are vocal, but by night also when all other little singers are still as the sleeping earth, Killooleet's heart seems full of the gladness that is breaking into life all around him. Whenever he wakes up his first impulse is always to sing, and the Micmacs call him the hour-bird, because they think he wakes and sings at regular intervals all night long.

Sometimes as he sleeps on his fir-twigg, just over the hidden nest of his mate, the moon peeps in and wakes him up; sometimes a big moose glides by and brushes his little fir-tree; sometimes he hears your canoe grate on the pebbles as you come home; and sometimes the flash of the match is mistaken for a star or the moon or the first dawn light over the mountain; but whatever it is that wakes Killooleet, he tells you he is there not by a frightened chirp or flurry, like other birds, but by a glad, tinkling little song that seems to say, "All's well in the wilderness."

A hundred times I have heard him by my camp-fire, or when following the animals after dark in the big woods, but only once when it seemed to me that his song had any other message or meaning than simple gladness.

The wind was howling across the big lake and the little canoe was jumping like a witch when we paddled ashore, Simmo and I, at the first inviting beach and jumped out on either side to ease our frail craft ashore. A storm was coming with the night, and we had little time to make all snug before it would break over our heads. First we threw our stuff out, turned the canoe over, and carried it well up out of reach of waves and wind. Then we whipped up my little tent, double-staked it down, and guyed the ridgepole fore and aft to two big trees. They were barely ready when the rain came down in torrents, and we grabbed everything from the fire and scuttled into my dry little tent. There we ate our supper with immense thankfulness.

The night was intensely black, the rain falling, the gale roaring over the woods, and the waves lashing the shore wildly, when I threw a poncho over my head and slipped away into the darkness, following an old logging-road that I had noticed when I gathered the fir-boughs. What was I doing out in the woods at that hour? I don't exactly know; partly following my instincts, which always drive me out in a storm and make me long for a boat and the open sea, and partly trying to find or lose myself — I don't know which — in the darkness and uproar of a wilderness night.

Farther and farther into the forest I drifted, till the roar of the smitten lake was utterly lost in the nearer roar of the struggling woods. The great trees groaned and cracked at the strain; the rain rushed over innumerable leaves with the sound of a waterfall; the gale rumbled and roared over the forest, hooting in every hollow tree and whining over every dry stub, and suddenly "the voices" began wildly to whoop and yell.

I know not how to explain this curious impression of human voices calling to you from the stormy woods or the troubled river. Some men feel it strongly, while others simply cannot understand it. I have been waked at night in my tent by a man new to the wilderness, who insisted that somebody was in trouble and shouting to us from the rapids; and then I have waked another man lying close beside me, who listened and who heard nothing. To-night the delusion was startling in its vivid reality; above the roar of the gale and the rush of the rain a multitude of wild human voices seemed to be laughing, wailing, shrieking, through the woods.

In the intense blackness of the night, wherein eyes were utterly useless, I presently lost the old road, blundered along through the woods and underbrush, and then stood still among the great trees, — which I could not see, though my hands touched them on every side, — trying to lose or to find myself in the elemental uproar and confusion.

Curiously enough, a man loses all memory, all ambition, all desire, at such a time. An overwhelming sense of fear rushes over you at first; but that only marks the contrast between your ordinary and your present surroundings, and the feeling passes speedily into a sense of exultation, as life stirs wildly and powerfully within you in answer to the uproar without. Presently you become just a part of the big struggling world, an atom in the gale, a drop rushing over the leaves with a multitude of other drops. That also is only a momentary impression, the curious inner reflection of the storm without, as if a man were only a looking-glass in which the world regarded itself. Soon this feeling also passes with the fear, and then, deep in your soul, the elemental power that makes you what you are awakens and asserts itself, telling you in the sudden stillness that you are not an atom, not a drop, not a part of the world, but something radically and absolutely different, and that all the change and confusion and struggle of the universe can never touch or harm you in the least. And then, for the first time, you really find yourself.

Thinking only of the first feeling, of fear, your imagination peoples the unseen world with demons or hostile forces. Thinking of the second, you become pantheistic, regarding your life as part of the big whole, — a drop gathered for an instant out of the ocean, a grain quarried from the side of the great mountain. Thinking of the third, you become a man, strong and personal and responsible, knowing yourself to be son or brother of the God who owns the world, sharing his power and knowledge. So that the long spiritual history of the race, with its endless struggle and slow growth from fear to faith, is all lived over again in that brief moment when you wander out alone at night into the stormy woods to find yourself.

I had vaguely felt all this, which can never be analyzed or described, when I was brought back from the elemental to the present world by discovering with a shock that I did not know where to turn to find my camp. I had started to go back when I blundered into a dense fir-thicket that I had not passed before, and I knew instantly that I had lost my direction. The wind was east, but it whirled high over the trees where I could not locate its source, and the sound of the waves, only a few hundred yards away was utterly lost in the uproar of the wind and the rain. In the midst of the fir-thicket I stopped and took out my compass and steadied it. Then, under shelter of my poncho, I struck a match. As the light flared up there was a stir close beside my head, which was not the wind, and which made me forget instantly what I wanted to know. In the moment's glare I saw him plainly, a little white-throated sparrow, nestled close against the stem of a fir, with a branch drooping over him to shield him from the rain. The match blew out, leaving the world in blacker darkness than ever before. Then, out of the wild storm, out of the very heart of the night, a glad little song rippled forth: "I'm here, sweet Killooleet, lilloolleet, lillooleet," to tell me that mine was not the only life that had lost or found itself in the solitude.

He, too, had been alone in the vast, elemental confusion. Darkness had wrapped him about; the gale roared over his head; the rain rushed like a river over innumerable leaves. And he had slept quietly on his twig under his bending fir-tip, unmindful of it all. The sudden light had wakened him, and in the first moment he had proclaimed just one thing, — small enough, it may be, but still the only little thing in a vast, dark, stormy world of which he was perfectly sure, — himself.

"Whose Home is the Wilderness."

William J. Long

In spoken English, no study of words or literature or nature must be at the expense of feeling. There are certain elements of the voice, such as tone color, which can never be revealed except when imagination and emotion are active. Spoken English and all phases of Vocal Expression, in fact all Written English as well, demand that our whole nature shall be harmoniously active. True study of nature, especially anything that has to do with artistic or creative action, such as reading or vocal expression, demands an awakening of our whole nature. Literature expresses life. To use our own language we must express our complete life. We must not only think, we must also imagine and feel. Right use of the voice especially demands harmonious co-operation of all the faculties.

The hunter and the fisherman know what a great blessing it is to go into the woods, but they who have hunted without a gun and fished without a hook have seen things in nature which the destructive gunner and the ravenous fisherman have never known. He who does not go into the woods alone, simply as an observer and listener, misses certain impressions and the unfolding of his higher nature. Corot, the greatest painter of morning, said the way to paint morning is to "go out at 3 o'clock in the morning with the hands behind the back." In his words will be found the principle which applies not only to painters but to artists of every kind and to students of every class.

V. TRAINING THE SENSES

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple-blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid;
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade. . . .
Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea gulls go,
And the land birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

"Gloucester Moors."

William Vaughn Moody

7.18

In the four previous lessons we have learned that talking and reading depend upon attention and upon the genuineness of our thinking. We must give attention to one thing at a time so that a picture may rise in our minds. The adequacy of our ideas or pictures depends upon the carefulness and definiteness of our observation of the things about us. We must not only have ideas, we must feel; our sympathies must awaken with our thinking.

Now, we find something more that is necessary. To observe nature, we must train our minds to use our eyes and our ears.

TO A HUMMING-BIRD

Brave little humming-bird,
Every eye blesses thee;
Sunlight caresses thee,
Forest and field are the fairer for thee;
Blooms, at thy coming stirred,
Bend on each brittle stem;
Nod to the little gem,
Bow to the humming-bird, happy and free.

Now around the woodbine hovering,
Now the morning-glory covering,
Now the honeysuckle sipping,
Now the sweet clematis tipping,
Now into the bluebells dipping;
Hither, thither, flashing, bright'ning
Like a streak of emerald lightning;
Round the box with milk-white phlox,
Round the fragrant four-o'clocks,
Lightly dost thou whirl and flit;
Into each tubed throat
Dives little Ruby-throat.

Author not known

Before we can express truly we must see nature. Unless we develop the power to observe, our ideas will be wrong. We must observe, and observe quickly.

One of the first things that we observe in nature is color. Have you ever tried to count the different shades of green in some little cluster of bushes or the number of tints on a humming bird? Or have you compared the bird with the flowers it visits?

Have you ever observed how the color or hue of the

woods changes almost every day when the trees are budding out in the spring? Everybody knows the brilliant colors of autumn, but have you ever noticed the difference between the red of spring and the red of autumn, between the green of June and the green of September?

By the yellow in the sky,
Night is nigh,
By the murk on mead and mere,
Night is near.
By one faint star, pale and wan,
Night comes on.
By the moon, so calm and clear,
Night is here.

"Approach of Night."

Clarence Urmy

Can you, in reading these lines, realize the changing tints of evening, — yellow sky, shadows over the valleys, the evening star and the moon?

SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow; the corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards with fruit are bending down.
The gentian's bluest fringes are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed its hidden silk has spun.
The sedges flaunt their harvest in every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside make asters in the brook,
From dewy lanes at morning the grape's sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter with golden butterflies.
By all these lovely tokens September days are here,
With summer's best of weather and autumn's best of cheer.

Helen Hunt Jackson

It is necessary not only that we observe colors with the eye, but also that we gain power to realize them in our mind. Observe the colors of grasses, of leaves, of trees at different seasons or different months. Learn to distinguish the color of the delicate shadows of the sun and the effect of shadows on colors of objects. Learn to enjoy the color effect of fogs and mists.

Then how wonderful is the color of birds! How many birds can you recognize by their color and by their form? Have you ever observed the varying tints on the blackbird? What shades of blue have you seen on birds? Of red? Of brown? Did you ever see plumage of rufous brown?



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